



# A Song for Every Story



👁 183 ✓ 16 ★ 18

## Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

Fellow Story Warriors, followers, future followers, and newbies alike:

I propose a challenge.

Per Harlander's suggestion and something I already started doing, each of you who choose to participate must open with a line from a song that either has special meaning to them or inspires a story. You must then write a single-draft scene/episode related to that lyric. Your story can be a prose version of the lyrics' story, an entirely original story inspired by the lyrics, or a personal experience somehow linked to the song and/or its lyrics. It can be any genre, fiction or nonfiction, or even poetry. You decide.

Your lyric should be in this format or similar:

{[~Enter entire lyric line here.~]} -- "Song Title" (Artist)

^

|Your choice of symbol to enclose the lyric

Example:

See more of Story Wars

~Don't get too close, it's dark inside, it's where my demons hide.~

"Demons" - Imagine Dragons

Login

or

Create new account

or

"A thousand dreams you gave to me;  
You held me high, you held me high,  
And all those years, you guided me,  
So I could find my way."

"So I Could Find My Way" -- Enya

---

Those are the only rules.

May the best man win.

Ready set GO!!

## Chapter 2 by Harlander



{{ All night long I wait for you  
I can't help but imagine  
all the things we'll do  
to an Electric Groove }} -- "Electric Groove", Lazerhawk

The city pulsed like a beating heart. It was a living brain of asphalt and concrete, lit with the blazing hues of neon like flashes of inspiration.

Ten thousand souls danced to the endless beat of

love

crime

money

art

every one bringing their own vibrant energy to the urban scene.

Thousands of souls, but I only had room in my mind for her. I longed to have her by my side as we raced along rain-slick streets, weaving through the traffic so fast the other cars seemed to stand still. I wanted to stand with her atop spires, radio masts, skyscrapers and feel the hot

dirty

hobby

living

wind on our flesh as we go

I watched the clock, so close, My skin hummed, We'd be together soon.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

## Chapter 3 by Jayde Avalon



**\*And the walls kept tumbling down on the city that we lo-o-o-oove." -- "Pompeii" -- Bastille\***

Mizuki had nowhere to run.

A great flash of light had nearly blinded him, and immediately after it all he could hear were the screams of people and the crashing of buildings tumbling to the ground. Mizuki was nearly crushed by the people cramming themselves through the narrow streets of the Japanese town, frantically seeking safety. Mizuki felt his feet lifted off of the ground and suddenly found himself being carried by the terrified mob of people. Among the screams, he heard terrified exclamations of "bakudan!" "Hikari no bāsudo!"--"bombs! Burst of light!" Above all the clamor, he caught snatches of a prayer-song being sung woefully:

"Watashitachi ni mite kamigami,  
Watashitachi no pasu de watashitachi o an'nai shi  
Ga aru koto soshite kanōsei watashitachiha anzen ni kuru  
Eien no heiwa ni kurashimasu.

---

Gods who look upon us,  
Guide us on our paths,  
That we may come to safety  
And live in peace eternal."

The monks were singing to the gods, begging for protection, and others had picked up the prayer as well. Terrified, Mizuki wondered; protection from what? Were there really bombs? What was happening?

Mizuki suddenly tumbled to the ground. Quickly picking up his head, he gazed about him and nearly vomited at the gruesome sight. People lay about, some missing limbs, some missing entire faces, all covered in warped, melting skin. Some looked as though they had had their

middle blasted by a bazooka. Those who had eyes with which to do so wept uncontrollably.

Unable to hold his stomach back, Mizuki vomited, and he looked for his mother, asking the many people they knew if they had seen her. He was dazed and nearly hopeless,

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

little Mizuki dragged himself toward a grassy place, but was stopped by a gentle, familiar hand-- or rather, what was left of it.

"Sensei Kitoji." Mizuki bowed to his teacher.

"Mizuki," the old man replied somberly. "Come with me."

The old man led the child to a ledge overlooking the neighborhood whence the boy had been dragged. His house was ablaze. All of them were.

Mizuki dropped to his knees.

Hiroshima was destroyed.

#### Chapter 4 by Adam



"Nobody said it was easy,  
It's such a shame for us to part.  
Nobody said it was easy,  
No one ever said it would be this hard."

-----"The Scientist"--Coldplay-----

I never saw her again after it happened. It happened too quick, too early...

We were driving along the dirt road, we had been out for a quick drink. She drank way more than I did but still insisted she drove. Her beautiful voice unaffected from intoxication, her laughter still as cheerful as always.

Now I may never hear it again.

We never saw the truck, nor did it see us. Not until we collided. A truck is far bigger, and bulkier, than a BMW. There was no way it wasn't going to happen, it was fate. Her last sight was the hill that we were doomed to crash down. I'm not even sure what killed her, the truck or the fall... It

doesn't matter now does it? It's over, and there's nothing I can do about it.

See more of Story Wars

I'm sorry.

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 5 by Alex Welicky



"They laugh as they watch us fall, the lucky don't care at all. No chance for fate, it's unnatural selection. I want the truth."

"Unnatural Selection"- Muse

-----

Work is like time. Without some way to keep track, you will begin to think you aren't progressing at all. A person with no concept of how much effort and time must be put into a task cannot see progress. These people are the first to lose hope.

That is a common saying down in the construction pits in which I am forced to work. I, along with the rest of the poor, the homeless, and the criminals, think of this every day as we move endless tons of earth.

Our shovels and hammers pave the way for the rich bearucrats to expand society. They sit there in their fancy offices and sneer down at us "lowly drones" as we build their world.

It's not like we have a choice. Only the rich can pay enough keep themselves out of the filthy labor force. Anyone else becomes a slave to their own society. Day after day, we wake up, work until sundown, then sleep. There is no change in our lives. No hope of any kind. Just an endless job to do until we die.

Well, that's what those rich overseers are hoping. They turned us into mindless animals, but they didn't consider what happens when those animals feel cornered. Without any hope, people turn violent. There is word of an uprising- a kind of mass rebellion that will show the world what is happening to us. We will tear free from this oppressive government and show the world what is happening.

That feeling of defiance is all we "drones" have to hope for.  
We will reveal the truth.

### Chapter 6 by Alex Welicky



"Your hand's upon a dead man's gun and you're looking down the sight.

Your heart is worn and the seams are torn and they've given you reason to fight

"Deadman's Gun"-Ashtar Comm

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I have done some pretty g... raids, illegal trafficking,  
you name it. None of it ever really mattered to me. I simply needed the money. Besides, the mob

promised that none of my family would ever fall victim to their attacks. In a city so dangerous, that was a very persuasive offer. I thought it was the opportunity of a lifetime. Besides, a scathed conscience is a small price to pay for the food that keeps my wife and son alive. They never even had to know about it.

That's what I thought when I joined, about five years ago. At first it was thrilling, knowing the law was always at my heels. But five years of violence and brutality takes a pretty serious toll. My guilt began to catch up to me. I saw the faces of the people I killed in my nightmares. I heard their screams as I walked home every night. I couldn't take it any more. I told them I was done with the killing.

But you can't just quit the mob. Not after you know about their operation. And after five years, I knew too much. I had to hide before they tracked me down and put a bullet in my head. But the mob is smarter than that. They knew exactly how to flush me out. Only six hours after I quit, around midnight, a local apartment complex was burned to the ground. The same complex where my wife and son lived.

Those bastards would kill everyone I knew one by one until I brought myself in. But at that point, I didn't have anything left to live for. They had already taken everything from me.

So here I am, about to take my revenge on a group of criminals with a gun I took from a man I killed. It all seems kind of ironic, doesn't it? I can't pretend to be a good man, just a bad man who plans to kill worse men. Two wrongs doesn't make a right, does it? Is there any justification for what I'm about to do?

Well, it doesn't really matter.

I left my conscience behind five years ago.

### Chapter 7 by Jayde Avalon



"A thousand dreams you gave to me,  
You held me high.

You held me high.

And all those years you guided me

So I could find my way."

"So I Could Find My Way"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I never knew her very well, but I fell in love with her the first time I met her. It was not a gay sort of love--she was my great grandma whom I had never known, and she immediately became a close confidant and loving companion.

I had begun visiting her weekly for piano lessons about 4 years ago. Every time we sat together at that old, beautiful upright, she made magic flow from her fingers into the keys, and the music danced from the strings all around me, filling my heart and making it sing. My skill was paltry in comparison, but I hardly cared. Grandma Laura enchanted me with her music.

When we weren't playing piano together, we simply sat and chatted the hours away. I could tell her anything, and she always knew what to say. She gave me wisdom I never could have gained on my own or found in anyone less aged and learned. I really, truly loved her.

I stopped visiting her some time ago, but never forgot about her. Somewhere around summer of last year (2015), I experienced serious personal conflict that landed me in a behavioral health hospital, where I spent 8 days struggling to work things out and learn coping skills for my stress. Whilst there, I received a visit from elders in my congregation, who had come to give me support and encouragement. I already did not want to hear what they had to say, but then they said something that struck me to the core.

"Your great-grandma Laura Bennett passed away recently..."

"What?" I whispered. "When?"

"About 3 months ago now. You didn't hear?"

I shook my head.

"She was in an assisted living home for about a month before that."

Once they left, instead of asking to be taken to my group session, I went to my room and shut the door. Curling up on my bed with my stuffed Baymax clutched tightly to my chest, I let the

tears come. They flowed uncontrollably.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered sobbing as hard as my body could manage. "I'm so sorry."

I still cry when I think of her. I wish I had the chance to have held her just once more before I lost her forever.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I will always love you, Grandma Laura. Always.

## Chapter 8 by Brock Thompson



{I'm the new cancer,  
never looked better,  
you can't stand it.

Because you say so  
under your breath.

You're reading lips

"When did he get  
all confident?"}

-- There's A Good Reason Honey, You just Haven't Thought Of It Yet  
By Panic! At The Disco

~~~~~

Everybody tried not to stare as Leo came entered the room. He was so different. Better.

They had picked on him in school. They had pushed him. Beat him. Called him names. Because he stuttered, because he was shy, because he was weird.

Now it was the first high school reunion, and he was a new man. Confident. Attractive. Charming. His stutter was gone.

Everybody wanted to be happy for him, but they just couldn't.

Why did he change? He had been fun to call names. Now...

Now nobody even thought of calling him names.

The worst bullies felt guilty for the horrible things they had done. They didn't like feeling guilty, and therefore didn't like Leo.

See more of Story Wars

The girls who had treated him like dirt were swooning over him, but Leo didn't look interested in them at all.

Login

or

Create new account



The only reason Leo had come to this reunion was to show them, to rub it in their faces. To defy all that they had said to him. He was in college now, with a girlfriend and a thriving social life.

And these people couldn't have any of it.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account